

SIEGE OF TROY
by Lee Karvonen

CAST

REPORTER 1 - REP1	KING PRIAM OF TROY - PRI
REPORTER 2 - REP2	ODYSSEUS - ODY
REPORTER 3 - REP3	LAOCOON
CASSANDRA	

SCENES: Reporter 1 is inside the walled city of Troy interviewing King Priam. Reporter 2 is outside the city in the Greek camp interviewing the wily Odysseus. Reporter 3 is on the beach covering Laocoon, Cassandra, and Priam.

REP1: I'm here inside the walled city of Troy speaking with the King, Priam. The city is surrounded by every Greek warrior you can name and the city has been under siege for nine years. Tell me, King Priam, how is everything in Troy these days?

PRI: It's terrible! One son started this whole mess by stealing that Greek king's wife and the other ignored his mother's pleading and got himself killed trying to be a hero and beat Achilles one on one! Go have children!

REP1: So, you've had better wars?

PRI: I've had much better wars! Right now we're dealing with food shortages. For example, we're having to water down the wine.

REP1: But you do that regularly anyway, don't you?

PRI: Well, yes, but still

REP1: Still nothing! This reporter wants facts! What else is running short?

PRI: Seafood.

REP1: Seafood?

PRI: Yes, seafood! We haven't been down to the beach in nine years! The freezers are empty! No shrimp cocktail! No lobster thermidor! No crab cakes!

REP1: Speaking of your wife, how is home life these days?

PRI: Hecuba is just fine, thank you. Although her daughter drives her crazy. Me too, if you must know.

REP1: What is the problem?

PRI: Cassandra rushes around predicting all sorts of things. Of course, nobody takes her seriously.

REP1: Is she always wrong?

PRI: No! She's always right! But nobody believes her!

REP1: What's it like having the most beautiful woman on the planet for a house guest?

Sample Pages, MYTHS AND SUCH, PACKAGE TWO

PRI: Oh, spare me! She has her hair done EVERY DAY! Her make-up is costing me a fortune! And her clothes! Don't even go there!

REP1: A little prima donna, is she?

PRI: And mirrors! I can't find a mirror in the palace! They're all in her room! I swear she lives in front of them! Vanity, thy name is Helen!

REP1: A little prom queen, is she?

PRI: And special foods! This week we're all vegetarian! Last week, no one could eat a CARB! Next week we could be complete VEGANS!

REP1: A little self-indulgent, is she?

PRI: My son! MY SON had to pick HER! He could have had all the riches in the WORLD! He could have afforded to PAY for all this lunacy! He could have had all the KNOWLEDGE in the world! But was he smart enough to figure that out? NO!!! He picks the prettiest face in the world! And now we spend all my hard-earned money keeping her in beauty products!

REP1: A little too much, is she?

PRI: No, she is quite enough. I'm almost ready to surrender just to get rid of her.

REP1: Well, thank you for sharing those insights with us, King. And now

over to our reporter in the Greek camp with one of their leading soldiers, Odysseus, King of Ithaca.

REP2: Thank you. I'm here with the wily Odysseus, King of Ithaca. So Odysseus, tell us, what has the siege been like for the Greek army?

ODY: Not as much fun as you might think.

REP2: What do you mean?

ODY: We sit outside a walled city which has fresh water, crops, provisions, a strong army, and a really cheeky attitude. The longer we sit, the surlier we get. We've done more fighting among ourselves than with the Trojans. And we've managed to kill more Greeks than Trojans.

REP2: Oh, really. How many more?

ODY: Okay, you got me. We haven't killed any Trojans. But we're knocking off Greeks at an alarming rate.

REP2: So, what's the plan? Do you keep on with the siege? Do you pack up your toys and go home? Do you try Door Number 3?

ODY: Well, funny you should ask. I've been trying to float a plan by the other Greek kings. Unfortunately, they are being a bit too macho to accept it.

REP2: What is the problem?

ODY: I suggest we burn our camp and sail off.

REP2: That sounds like quitting to me.

ODY: That's what the Trojans are supposed to think. Meanwhile, we build a giant wooden horse. We'll call it the Trojan Horse. Inside, we'll hide a small army. When the Trojans are sure we're gone, they'll come out and either leave the gates open or tow the horse into the city. After they've either gone to sleep, or passed out from the victory party they're sure to have, we'll tiptoe out of the horse and slaughter them. Then we'll light a signal fire to bring back the rest of the Greek army. Brilliant, no?

REP2: Clev-ver! Why won't the others go for this obviously wonderful plan?

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MIDAS AND THE GOLDEN TOUCH
by Lee Karvonen

CAST

MIDAS - King obsessed with Gold

MARIGOLD - his daughter

SILENUS - Dionysus drunken tutor

DIONYSUS - God of Wine

PAN - satyr, flute player & God of the Fields

APOLLO - Sun God and master flute player

BARBER - Midas' hair trimmer`

RIVER REEDS - reeds by a river

Sample Pages, MYTHS AND SUCH, PACKAGE TWO

Scene 1: Midas' palace, Midas and Silenus lounging.

SIL: Pass me another wineskin, Midas, old boy, will ya!

MID: Don't you think you have had enough, Silenus?

SIL: How could I have had enough, Midey, old man? I'm still awake!

MID: But if you pass out, you'll have to stay here!

SIL: Well, I have for the past ten days. What's another day or so?

MID: Another day or so, I suppose.

SIL: That's right. That's all. (passes out)

MID: Silenus! Oh, no! Not again! This time he's going on the wagon. The wagon hitched to my horse outside and he's going to Dionysus' place for a change. Maybe Dionysus will be grateful that I'm bringing his old tutor home.

Scene 2: At Dionysus' palace.

MID: So, Dionysus, here is old Silenus, your beloved tutor, a bit the worse for wear. He's been getting into the grape lately.

DION: Thank you so much for bringing the old fellow here. I'll look after him now. This is such a great favour you've done for me, Midas. You must let me do something for you.

Sample Pages, MYTHS AND SUCH, PACKAGE TWO

MID: Well, Dionysus, I've always admired gold. If only everything I touched turned into gold, I'd be a happy man.

DION: Are you sure about this, Midas? It might not be as wonderful as you think.

MID: Oh, no! I'm sure! That would make me the happiest man in the world!

DION: Very well. Go home. As soon as you are there, your golden touch will be too.

MID: Thank you, oh great Dionysus! Thank you!

Scene 3: Back at Midas' palace.

MID: I'm here! I'm home! Look out golden touch! Let me touch this flower! Wow! It really works! Let me touch the door handle! Again! I have it! I have the golden touch!

MARI: Hi, Dad. How are you?

MID: I am wonderful! I have the golden touch!

MARI: That's nice. Can I have the keys to the wagon?

MID: Didn't you hear me? I have the golden touch!

MARI: Yeah, sure. But, Dad, I'm meeting some of the kids at the vineyard.

We're going to watch the Olympic Trials.

MID: Well, you run along and have a good time. But first, give your father a great big hug.

MARI: Oh, Dad! Okay.

(They hug and Marigold turns into a golden statue.)

MID: Marigold! Marigold! What's happened to you? Oh my God of Wine! She's turned into gold! What am I going to do? I have to think! I need a drink! Where's the wine? Ah, I'll just pour a flagon. Augg! This wine is terrible! Oh no! It's turned into gold! I'd better get something into my stomach. Ah! A chicken leg! Augg! This chicken is terrible! It's turned into gold! Dionysus was right! It's not such a good idea! I've got to get him to change me back! And right now!

Scene 4: Back at Dionysus' palace.

MID: You've gotta change me back, Dionysus! This golden touch is a disaster! You gotta change me back! I'll starve if you don't! And my daughter is a statue now!

DION: Well, my foolish, Midas, I think you've learned a valuable lesson here. Gold is not all wonderful.

MID: I don't care if never see gold again! I'm even thinking of dyeing my butter red!

DION: No need to go to extremes. A little yellow is a beautiful thing, Midas.

MID: Maybe to you, mighty Dionysus! But i only want to see natural from now on! All that glitters is not nice!

DION: Very well, Midas. Go home and place your hands in the local river. When you bring them out of the water, you will no longer have the golden touch. But gold panners everywhere will be all over your river!

MID: O thank you, thank you, great Dionysus! Let me shake your hand!

DION: No way, Jose! I don't want to turn to gold too!

MID: Oops! Sorry! Thanks again! See you later!

DION: I hope not!

Scene 5: Back near Midas' palace.

MID: Ah! There's the river! (jams hands into the river and yanks them out) Now! I'll touch that flower by my front door! (touches flower) Aha! It's turned back into a live flower! Marigold! My Marigold! I'm coming! (races up to Marigold and touches her hand and she comes alive instantly) Oh, Marigold! You're alive!

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ZEUS AND HERA

by Lee Karvonen

CAST

ZEUS - King of the Greek Gods

HERA - Queen of the Greek Gods

(In the Palace on Mt. Olympus, in the throne room, ZEUS is lounging on his throne, while HERA is combing her hair, straightening her dress, and looking in her mirror.)

HERA: Zeus? How do you like my hair?

ZEUS: Lovely, my dear. First rate.

HERA: Zeus? How do you like my dress?

ZEUS: Lovely, my dear. First rate.

HERA: Zeus? How do you like my make-up?

ZEUS: Lovely, my dear. First rate.

HERA: Zeus? Do you even notice how I look anymore?

ZEUS: Lovely, my--

HERA: ZEUS!

Sample Pages, MYTHS AND SUCH, PACKAGE TWO

ZEUS: (snapping to attention) Yes! What is it, dumpling?

HERA: You never pay attention to me anymore!

ZEUS: Of course I do, love bug.

HERA: You're always daydreaming about something else!

ZEUS: Not true, honey bunch.

HERA: And you always call me those silly names!

ZEUS: What silly names, sweet lips?

HERA: Those names! Honey bunch! Sweet lips! You don't mean them anymore!

ZEUS: Of course I do, lambkins! How could you doubt me?

HERA: (tossing him an envelope) These photos are convincing!

ZEUS: (pulls out photos and scans them) Oh. Oh. OH! Yes, I see. OHHH! (to self) I really did that! (turning photo slowly)

HERA: Hermes delivered the messages.

ZEUS: Well, he is the messenger god.

Sample Pages, MYTHS AND SUCH, PACKAGE TWO

HERA: Don't you dare make jokes at a time like this! I want an explanation! Explanations!

ZEUS: E-explanations? Look, precious--

HERA: Don't you "precious" me! Explanations nothing! I want a divorce!

ZEUS: Now, isn't that a bit of an over-reaction, dearest?

HERA: OVER-REACTION!?! OVER-REACTION?!? I have photos of you carousing with more women, birds, and farm animals than Noah had on the ark!

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